

ANACREONTIC, 1738.

By the Same.

'T WAS in a cool Aonian glade,
 The wanton Cupid, spent with toil,
 Had fought refreshment from the shade;
 And stretch'd him on the mossy foil.

A vagrant Muse drew nigh, and found
 'The subtle traitor fast asleep;
 And is it thine to snore profound,
 She said, yet leave the world to weep?

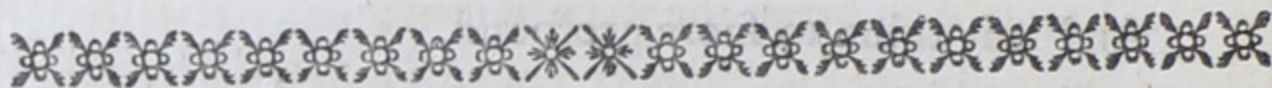
But hush——from this auspicious hour,
 The world, I ween, may rest in peace;
 And robb'd of darts, and stript of pow'r,
 Thy peevish petulance decrease.

Sleep on, poor child! whilst I withdraw,
 And this thy vile artillery hide—
 When the Castalian fount she saw,
 And plung'd his arrows in the tide.

That magic fount—ill-judging maid!
 Shall cause you soon to curse the day
 You dar'd the shafts of Love invade;
 And gave his arms redoubled sway.

For, in a stream so wonderous clear,
 When angry Cupid searches round,
 Will not the radiant points appear?
 Will not the furtive spoils be found?

Too soon they were ; and every dart,
 Dipt in the Muse's mystic spring,
 Acquir'd new force to wound the heart ;
 And taught at once to *love* and *sing*.
 Then farewell ye Pierian quire ;
 For who will now your altars throng ?
 From Love we learn to swell the lyre ;
 And Echo asks no sweeter song.



O D E. Written 1739.

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Urit spes animi credula mutui.

HOR.

'T WAS not by beauty's aid alone.
 That love usurp'd his airy throne,
 His boasted power display'd :
 'Tis kindness that secures his aim,
 'Tis hope that feeds the kindling flame,
 Which beauty first convey'd.
 In Clara's eyes, the lightnings view ;
 Her lips with all the rose's hue
 Have all its sweets combin'd ;
 Yet vain the blush, and faint the fire,
 'Till lips at once, and eyes conspire
 To prove the charmer kind —

I

Tho'